Mary Esther West (Mrs. Riddle) was born June 19, 1840 near Michigan City, Indiana. When four years old moved to Coles County, south of Chicago. At the age of 15 moved to Illinois. In 1855 moved to Iowa and there was married to Moses A. Riddle in 1858. In 1878 Mr. and Mrs Riddle crossed the plains into Oregon, settling first in Baker for one year, then to Clatsop County to homestead in the location of Svensen in 1879 where she still resides on a small piece of the homestead claim. Written Apr. 10, 1915.

****

May 8th 1878 Wednesday night.

Now as I intend to write a diary of our trip to the far West, I intend to write each days travel at the end of the day of all that we see and do. And now to begin with I just say that we are in Dow City to-night and as far as I know the whole camp is a happy one. We started this morning from the dear old home. How very sad it is to brake up one's home and leave the good friends behind to go out and seek a better place. So many of the dear old friends came this morning to say the last good-bys - the yard was just full of our friends when we started to drive off. How hard it was to look back at the weeping ones that we was leaving - but it has to be parting and meeting and meeting and parting in this life - now here we are at Dow City seven miles from home. We come out here and camped so our friends from all around would come into camp to visit us which they are doing - the whole camp is like a swarm of bees moving about from camp to camp. We have so many friends for miles around. it is some like last night at home so many coming and going. Last night we never put out our lamps the whole long night - lots of our friends staid up all night. I laid down once just a little while. Moses never went to bed at all. There is a dark threatning cloud laying off in the West - it looks like we may get a drenching before morning. Now I must go and call on John and Jennie Coubern for the last time maybe in life.

May 9th Thursday .

We got up early this morning to find all in good shape - everybody full of life - we did not get started out of camp very early for the friends

come around to get a last word. When we got to Dunlap Will Gilbreath was out with a livery team to go a ways with us - Frank and Henry come on to Dunlap last night to stay with Will. He drove untill we stopped for dinner then eat his dinner with before he went back. He took a queer way to eat his dinner - he would not set down with any one of us but just went from one lot to another taking a piece from all saying he must eat with all the last time - poor boy he felt so very bad to say the last goodby - oh, it is heart braking any way to be leaving so many dear dear friends. After dinner we drove on west on our way fast leaving all familiar seanes behind us. We drove through Logan and drove three miles out and camped for the night in a nice grove of timber - we made up a grate camp fire to cook our supper by - everybody is visiting from camp to camp. As I sit writing by the camp fire light Johnny keeps piling on sticks to see them burn. Henry is setting on a camp st ool saying (oh dear I believe I'll die of joy) - indeed we are all as happy as can be

May 10th

When we got up this morning we found everything covered with frost - it was very cold - there was ice froze in our water pails. Every green thing was froze down to the ground - we have traveled all day through such a lot of beautiful farms but all are blackened by the hard frost. Ada took the first ride on Nelly but she truned the sadle off and Ada too then Maggie tried to ride her - she turned the sadle with her too. Then I tried to ride her - she laid down and roled me off then she was rid of us all for the day. We camped for dinner by a little country store - afternoon we went on through Crescent City out by Terry's fine nursery - it is all black from frost. We got into Council Bluffs about five o'clock- drove on out about a mile and camped for the night. Got our water out of the railroad tank - we got supper early so the men could go back into town to see what they could see. Albian C. Smith came back with them making our camp lively for awhile. Later in the

evening Billy Srader and his wife come out from the City to see us. She brought me a gallon of milk. She said she thought we would like a last tast of old Sally's milk as we had sold her to them back at the old home last fall.

May 11th.

We got up early to cross the Missouri River. We crossed over on the cars - drove all the teams rite into closed cars and went over - every one staying in their own wagons. We then drove out two miles and a haff from the River and camped to fix things in better shape for traveling (we are beginning to learn that we are not ready to travel). After dinner a lot of us went back in to Omaha to do some trading - I bought some green onions for supper. In the evening Albian Smith come in to camp again lively as ever. The young folks are having a dance on the grass Mr. Smith joining with them all having a good time

May 12th Sunday

We are in the same camp - we have more or less fixing to do - everyone has something to do. I had to take off both our wagon covers and mend them - the horses tore them all to pieces last night. Johnny Gilbreath helped me mend them - he and Maggie are still with us putting off the going back from day to day - dreading the parting. Nearly the whole day we have heard a fine band of music back in the grove and after we all got our camp work done we went out to see what it was ment for. We come out into a Dutch Beer garden all drinking and dancing for dear life. This evening Louie Dewolf come into our camp. Mr. Smith come and staid all night in camp - these are some of the old home friends still hanging on to us yet - Maggie and Johnny have been with us all the way from home having a good time every hour.

May 13th.

We got up early to let Johnny and Maggie get off for home on the morning train but they were too late and missed the train - this afternoon a lot of us went in to the City to see things - then in the afternoon hiched up and drove back into town and got our stoves and tents and a general outfit for

camping out then drove out on the old emigrant road and camped ready to start on trip in earnest - here we found a family camped waiting for a company to travel with - he joined our train making nine waggons on our train (this family was Mr. Sloops family). In the evening a lot of us went back into town - I bought me a watch and a revolver. Moses bough him a fiddle

May 14th.

We got up early again to let Johnny and Maggie get off on the morning train - then come the hardest parting of all - it was breaking the last link that bound us to home and friends. Johnny, Maggie and Louie Dewolf all bid us good-by and started back home while we started on our westward way. We now begin to realize that we are leaving home in ernest - up to now we have had no rain - the weather has been nice - it has been like some nice pleasure trip - but now we are on our way for certain just our little company alone among strangers. We drove till noon and camped for dinner out in the open prarie then drove on to Elkhorn river and camped for the night. We tried to catch some fish but it was too cold for them to bite - it has been very cold all day - windy from the north.

May 15th.

We started at six o'clock from the Elkhorn river. In about a half an hour drive we come to the little stream where the boy was skinned alive some years ago for shooting an Indian. This part of the country is perfectly level - we can see for miles and miles around us. There is some very fine farms but no fencing. Farms lay open along the road just the same as the wild prarie - no timber but the groves that are set out on the farms which in time will make good timber and a grate wind brake which this country needs. We drove through Fremond City about three o'clock. About three miles out from town we come up with Doctor Croppers train in camp. We stopped and ate our lunch with them then we drove three miles the rain pooring on us all the time. We camped in a little grove near by a man's yard. The rain kept up a steady poore down - this is our first rain since we left home.

We got up early the rain still pooring down - after we had our breakfast it stoped raining. The men all went fishing but got none but Mike Riddle he got one little one. George Sold found a ducks nest - he gave me three of the eggs. I made a cake with them for dinner. We started on after dinner - the country is perfectly level - we traveled along the railroad. We stoped at a farm to buy horse feed. I bought some pie plant for our supper. We are camped to-night by the side of the grate Platt River - it is a big muddy stream - nearly every body went fishing but got none. All our camp are well and as happy as can be. There is just 24 persons in our train.

May 17th.

We got up early but it was raining - it stopped about nine o'clock tnen we hitched up the teams and started about eleven - it began to rain again a fearful poordown. We saw all the beauty of a Nebraska storm - it rained and hailed and blowed - we could not find any kind of a shelter out of the storm till about four o'clock we drove down into a farmer's grove and camped. It makes pretty good shelter - this was a fearful storm - just one continual flash of lightning. There is no fencing all along the road - the farmers stake out their milk cows - I even saw a sheep staked out to-day

Maym18th.

When we got up it was still raining - our beding was all wet but the whole camp was in good spirits considering the weather. We had fish for our breakfast for the first time. We are in eight miles of Columbia City. We spent the day in camp drying our beding. Moses went into Colubus City to get oil to spear fish with to-night. I have been out awhile to the lake to see them spear fish but I got tired of it - its too windy and cool for me. The lake is a beautiful thing - just a deep basin in the level prarie. There is a skift on it to go out to spear fish - now its nine o'clock - I'll go to bed- some of the women are in bed - some are out by the lake.

May 19th.

When we got up it was fine - clear and warm. We hitched up and drove to

Columbus City and on through about a mile and come up with Doctor Crapper's again in camp. They had passed us some way by some other road. We went into camp with them and got our dinners then spent the rest of the day visiting around the other camp getting acquainted with our new neighbors and they will join our train and travel together - we arenow 17 wagons and tents - 68 people all as jolly as can be. Harve Dale come to our camp yesterday. He has come from the old home on the cars and overtook us. It came up a fearful black cloud this evening but did not rain.

May 20th.

We started all in line - Moses drove out in the lead. The first thing was to cross the Loup River on a bridge a half mile long. We drove through the little town of Jackson at ten o'clock - went five miles father on and stoped for dinner. Just as we were hiching up to start the sheriff of Platt County come into camp and arested Harve Dale and started him back to old Crawford again - he has tried awfly hard to get away from justic at home - he felt vey bad to have to go back after trying so hard to get away. We drove on to Silver Creek. Here we got our first letters from home - what joy to get mail on our way. We got four letters and the Review - oh, what a treat. I got throwed off Nelly about four o'clock this afternoon and I fear that I am hurt very bad - I can't stand on my feet at all - they had to lift me out of the wagon - I'll not give up unless I have to. The Doctor says there is no bones broken

May 21st.

We started at ten o'clock this morning. It rained all the forenoon on us. We ate our dinner rite on the open prarie in the pooring rain but it stoped raining before night. We are camped out on the open prarie to-night. I think likely it will be open prarie from now on westward. I am very soar - I can't stand or move only as Moses lifts me. I have suffered more to-day than tongue can tell - just terrible. Ada has a bad sore finger to make things worse for us - it is hard to get our work done but Frank helps all he can. Henry and him can do lots of it. We find no wood along now - every

chip or cob we see we pick up to do our cooking with. Henry finds lots of chips and trash along the railroad - he don't let one thing pass him.

May 22nd

This morning the Crapper train drove out in the lead - our part of the train in the rear. We drove through Grand Island - here Doctor Crapper sold his monkey - it made them too much trouble in camp. Mrs. Crapper could not get her work done for the bother of the children around her tent playing with it. It has been fearful hot to-day by spells and hard rain showers by spells. How I do suffer riding and jolting - I have to lay down in the wagon all the time. Moses lifts me out and in the wagon. We are camped near by the little town of Chatman and it is threatning a hard storm.

May 23rd.

When we got up this morning we were wet from top to toe - the storm last night was terable hard - it blew all through the tents and wagons. Frank and Henry got soaked all through - they sleep in one of our wagons and it blew right through the cover. We drove till noon and stopped and tried to dry our bedding. We are camped to night in two miles of Harny Junction on the railroad. We are still traveling over perfectly level country - not a brush of timber or hardly a bite of grass for our teams. They buy hay whenever they can get it

May 24th.

We drove into Harney Junction and camped for the day. Moses got both our teams shoed and Nelly too. I am very lame and very weak - can hardly bear my pain.

May 25th.

We started out early - drove sixteen miles and stoped for dinner. I've drove all afternoon over fearful rough roads. I have suffered awful this afternoon. I can't stand alone yet. The captain (Mike Riddle) of the train will not stop and let me get better. He wanted this morning to leave me at Harney Junction till I'm better then take the train and catch up with them. I will not be left alone - if I die then they can leave me behind. Some of our train want to stop till I do get better and some will not stop. Moses would

stop with me but the captain of the train will not let him - they say they must keep together so for fear of the Indians. We do hear frightful news about the Indians on farther west. I think our crowd is a little mad and divided to-night. They elected another captain (Dr.Crapper) this morning. Now we have two captains - both are a little mad to-night. Water is very nard to get along here now. With the water so hard to get and two captains every body feels mad - one captain wants to drive fast the other wants to drive slow - so to-night Mr.Solds folks and Charley Bowens and Mike Riddle folks are campted ahead of us and we don't know what they mean by it till we catch up with them if we ever do.

May 26th.

We didnt catch the fast crowd until noon. We eat our lunch and drove on ten miles and camped by a school house - there is a little settlement here around. We saw our first jack rabbits to-day as we come along. The men are out hunting them now - one come running into our camp just a spell ago - the dogs run it in. It is used to running under the school house but the children and the dogs made it pretty lively for it. I can only set in the tent door and look out - I can't stand alone yet. I have wrote a letter this ev ening to send back home

May 27th.

Now they have made it a rule to drive in the lead by turns - one man one day then the next day that one will drop back behind the train and so on until all have lead a day. We stoped to eat our dinner by a railroad station and to-night we are camped on the Platt River. This makes our third camp on the same River. We are traveling near along by it for several days. They tried fishing but got none. We have seen strange and wonderful things all day - it is well worth the trouble of traveling to see the strange and new things. Henry got me some beautiful flowers to-day - he rode off on the poney and got them. The poney is a great comfort to the children to ride for a change (if she did nearly kill me she was not to blame) They have the side sadle or Henry's sadle on her every day - ~~xxxxxxx~~ sometimes change the sadles

two or three times a day.

May 28th.

We have traveled all day close along by the Platt River - the road has been perfectly level - the River on our left hand - the high stony bluffs off on our rite. To-day we have seen our first sand - we have expected to find sand on our way before this. The grate sandy plains that we have heard about is nothing to dread or at least we don't find it so. We camped by a school house - got water out of the well. We sometimes now find it hard to get good camping places for water and grass is scarce.

May 29th.

We got up early and just as we were starting an antelope come near by our camp. Nearly every man got his gun and began to shoot at it - the bullets flew after it like hail but no one hit it. They kept up the shooting until the little thing was a mile off. Poor thing it was scared nearly to death. It was the first antelope we have seen. We stoped to eat our dinner to-day by the railroad. We used water out of a hole by the side of the track made by grading the road. It was just a pudle hole of dirty water but it was all we could get. We camped at night by Antelope station. Just before we stoped for night Henry was off from the road a ways on Nelly and he catched a little young antelope. Its a little beauty. About four o'clock this afternoon as the cars was passing by us Harve Dale stood out on the platform moved his hand and went on. We found him at the station waiting for us - he got off from the sheriff in some way.

May 30th.

We started out early. Henry gave the little antelope to the woman at the station. We could not keep it for want of milk or we would have carried it along for a pet. We traveled 16 miles by noon drove off the road quite a way to get water to get our dinner. Just after we got back on to the road Charley Colwell kiled a antelppe. It set our men wild. About a half dozen of them took their guns and went hunting and got behind so they had to walk ten miles to catch up which they did after we had went into camp. We are having more or less quareling now every day. Some want to drive fast and

some want to drive slow. I am sure we are driving far to many miles a day for the good of our teams when food is so scarce and the water so poor - hardly fit to give the horses or to cook with. We are still following the grate Platt River valley. The road is v ery level and smooth now. We are also following rite along the railroad. The railroad is a fine place to walk on when they get tired of the wagons - sometimes there is as many as twenty people out walking at one time. I am getting better now every day - I can begin to stand and walk. We are camped by the railroad. There is not a stick of timber in sight any where. We just pick up what we can find along - every old cob where teams have been fed we pick up every chip and every big stalky weed. Them that rustles most gets the most stuff to cook with. We have always had enough yet to do well enough.

May 31st.

We have traveled 28 miles. The road is perfectly level. We have seen antelope all day on every side of us - we camped by the railroad. The roads are getting very dry and dusty - we are getting some tired too.

June 1st.

We have traveled very hard to-day - the road was very dusty. Not a brush or tree any where to make a shade. Nothing but sage brush and prickly pares. We see enough prickly pears now each day to pave all the streets of Denison. The sage brush helps us out grately in our wood - we can cook quite well with it - it is something like a weed. More like a woody brush shrub. It will burn green by cutting it up fine. Just before we stoped to camp for dinner Mike Riddle killed a antelope. Moses drove a mile off the road to get it for him then we drove a half mile off the road to get water to get our dinner. We had some of Mike's antelope for dinner. Then we drove back onto the road and two miles further on to a railroad station so we could get water out of their tank. This is Saturday night. We will stay in camp over Sunday and rest for we need it so does the teams. We are in Colorado terytory now.

June 2nd.

Sunday night. Now of all the bad storms that I ever seen last night beat them all. Just at evening the grate black cloud began to draw nearer over

over us. It had been laying off in the west all afternoon. Everybody began to fix things up for a hard wind storm. Frank and Henry would keep fixing our tent a little better as the storm gathered and come closer over looking more fearful each minute. Just as the dark came on so did the storm. I never seen such hail and wind. Its very noise was enough to scare us and our horses to death. Frank and Henry held down one of the tent posts - Ada and I held down the other one - how we cried and screamed I'll not try to tell - even the boys cried. We did not care so much for the storm as we did to know that Moses and John Church was out in the dark and storm in this strange wild country. They had gone late evening to hunt awhile. We was sure that the Indians had got them. After the storm was over they come in very badly beaten up with hail. When we got out around to see how the storm had done for the camp every tent had blowed down but Doctor Crappers and ours. Everybody was wet and cold. The horses was nearly scared to death - it was all the men could do to manage them. There is not one bit of grass left standing. We have spent the day drying our things and mending what the wind tore up last night.

June 3rd.

We started early in the morning and here we left the grate Platt valley. We turned more northward. Traveled all day up a small stream called Pole Creek. The road is still level only the valey is no so wide as the Platt River valey. The hills are closer to us now. They are all stone hills and pretty to look at. Our spie glasses come in good play every idle minute - all around the camp want to take a turn at looking. We can't deny any for it is a great pleasure sure. We have traveled out of the track of the hail but there is no grass to amount to anything now. There is not as much feed on one hundred acres as there is on one acre in Iowa.

June 4th.

We heard this morning that Mr. Adams crowd is only one day ahead of us. We drove very hard. Passed through Sidney (Colo.) bought horse feed then drove on and made a very short nooning. We are getting very tired and some are as mad as fury at the fast driving. Just before we stopped at night Moses killed

a antelope. One will not make a mess for the whole camp now. There is 15 teams of us now. We are camped on Pole Creek. We are very scared of the Indians now all the time. We corell the wagons every night and keep a gard out. Two men stay up at a time half night at a turn. We have 21 men in camp. We have the company of a pet antelope in camp to-night - it is fine fun for the children to play with - it is real tame and real pretty.

June 5th.

We got up early and it was raining. Our pet antelope was still in camp. It belongs to a house near by. We traveled on in the rain - cleared off by noon. We are camped on Pole Creek again only we had to drive a little off the road to get to it for water. The prickly pears are very thick all around - the sharp stickers go through thin shoes. The poor little bare foot children suffer awfly in them. Some went fishing and some went hunting. An awful storm came up at evening. We tied our tents to the wagons. It all had to be done in five minutes for the storm came on so quick. Moses had gone out hunting again but when the storm began to come on he hurried back to camp. He had not forgot Julesburg.

June 6th.

We drove ten miles and stoped for lunch. Can see jack rabits on all sides of us and antelopes are very plenty everywhere. We drove ten miles after dinner and camped on the same little creek. I don't know why they call it Pole Creek for I'm sure there is not a pole on it large enough to pole one hill of lima beans tho there might have been one day a brush or two on it. I'm sure it is the longest little stream I ever saw.

June 7th.

We traveled 28 miles up this same little stream. We done without our dinner and we camped at an old camping ground. There was lots camped here when we came up and we camped near by them. Some of our own crowd have not come up at all - they are so very mad about the hard driving - it seems that we are driving hard enough to kill our teams and the people too. We are getting very tired. I am getting most well now and I can walk when I want to.

June 8th.

We got up early and drove to Sheyane (Wyoming). Stopped about four hours to buy feed and our provisions. Here we had lots of trouble - so many are mad at the fast driving - there is grate danger of a general out brake in camp. Mike came around to our camp saying he will not go any farther with such a crowd but after a lot of talking and fussing they drove on until night together each captain agreeing to take day about bossing the train. We camped here where five teams are already in camp.

June 9th - Sunday.

We staid in camp all day resting. We surely need rest and we have a nice camping ground. The country is wild and beautiful - nice to look at - but too wild to ever be of any use to mortals only for wild beasts to roam over. A good many done out washing to-day. I didn't do any.

June loth.

We started out early the five teams joining us. Now we are twenty teams in our company. We began to come into the mountains about ten o'clock. The mountains are the most beautiful sights that we have seen on our trip. The grate rocks are piled up in all shapes and ways. One grate pile of rocks was piled in such a way that it looked as tho a man might with one hand push them over but not so for they have withstood the hard winds and storms for years and years and will I suppose for ages yet to come. Nearly every woman and child - yes and even the men was out walking gathering flowers new kinds that we had never seen the like - everything strange and new - the little wild flowers are the most beautiful that I have ever seen. All the brush and trees are new and strange. Not one thing that I have ever seen before. The nicest thing of all to me is the spice smeling goosberry bush that is just in bloom. Its all covered with little pink sweet smelling flowers. What a grand place to have a picnic. Many was the bunches of flowers that was gathered to put in letters to send back to the friends at home. We stoped at noon by a little farm rite in between two high mountains of stone - the small pine trees seem to just grow rite out of the rocks -

they come out of every crack and hole whereever a seed could find a lodging place for there is not one bit of dirt or ground to be seen on these rocks. Everybody went out over the rocks after dinner to see the strange sights that is so fine a change after passing over so much wide level dry plains. Things are really pretty. We passed tons and tons of snow all afternoon and it looked so cool and pretty. We camped at night by a grate bed of snow. The young folks have played snowball to their hearts content. We have a roaring big camp fire (for the second time since we left home). The pine wood burns very nice. It seems so food to have a good camp fire. It looks good besides it is good for it is real cool - too cool for comfort. It is raining some too. Some of the men climbed up on the mountain so high that to look at them they looked like small boys. Everyone is hunting for something new and strange.

June 11th.

We got up early and as we got up higher into the mountains we passed snow on all sides - snow from one foot to six foot deep - the snow water running every where making it very muddy and slipery. Very very muddy. We got to the summit of the mountains about ten oclock. Nearly every one got out to walk to see if it made any change in the walking in the light mountain air but none could walk but a little way until all out of breath. There is no mistake - there is a difference in the air - even the teams felt the change. They could go only a little way until they had to stop and rest. We then come out on a high level plain then begin to go down hills again. The western slope is much shorter than the east side and not so much rock or trees. In fact the trees were all behind us at noon. We got down the mountains and into Larimie City about one oclock. We got our dinner and bought provisions and horse feed. We bought water kegs for now we are getting into the alkaie country where the water is bad. We can smell the alkalie as we pass along - they tell us that we will have to haul water along now for awhile till we get through this belt of alkalie country. While the men

bought feed and things a lot of us went out through the territorial prison which was near by our camp. It is a sad sight to see so many men in prison shut off from liberty and sunshine. There is some as nice looking men in there as any of our Doctors or Lawyers or Editors. What a shame that men cant do what is rite and then there would be no need of these places. There is seventy eight in the prison - some black negros - there is seven women in it too.

June 12th.

I will have to write a little more about yesterdays travel. We drove 20 miles yesterday afternoon after we left Larimie City - we did not go into camp till nine oclock at night - some awful mad about the late hard driving - there come near being a real rebelion in camp - some declare they will not travel so hard killing the teams and the people too. We can't certainly stand this kind of travel long. This morning they all got together and talked it over. All concluded that it is best to try to keep together for more protection from the Indians which we are hearing so much about now all the time. We did not get started very early for it took so long to get peace in camp. The morning was clear and real cool for we are so ~~xkx~~ near the snowy mountains. We traveled all day up a high level plain - the grate Laramie plains we have heard so much about - I have heard about the grate Laramie plains ever since I ~~aa~~n remember - it is all alkalie on every side - the snow covered mountains are on our rite and left hand. We are traveling to the notthwest between them. It is cool even when the sun shines out bright and clear. We camped at four o'clock as there was such a fearful looking cloud coming up but it passed along the mountain range and only rained on us a little. The men went out hunting - they killed four antelope and ~~th~~ree jack rabbits. We see them thick every day on all sides of us. Their meat makes a nice change in our eating.

June 13th.

The first thing this morning was the crossing of the worst mud hole of our whole trip. It was a deep hole of alkalie mud so sticky that our teams could

hardly get through. The whole day was muddy roads till just about night we come out onto a piece of rocky road - such a rough road I never seen. In some places our wagons would jump down nearly two foot at a time - it was awful. I thought that I was about over my hurt but I felt this afternoon drive very badly. Just before camping we had to cross such a deep ugly stream - it was real dangerous it was so deep and swift and the rocks so bad and high in the bottom. We just drove upon the bank and made our camp. It rained a little all day and such wind as it has been. Once we had to turn our wagons all around with the back end to the wind to keep from up setting our wagons. The teams don't like such storms - they are hard to manage when the wind blows so hard. They killed one antelope to-day. Its fearful cold to-night. The gards have their overcoats on. This is the worst camping place we have had yet. We had to clear off the sage brush to get a place to set our tent on - the sage brush smells so bad when we are brushing around in it.

June 14th.

Whenwe got up this morning it was clear bright and cold - our breakfast steamed on the table like a winter morning at home. We could see the horses breath all over camp. We are rite along the side of the great Elk Mountain - its a grate bank of white snow. At noon we camped for dinner down in a little narrow valley. There was a lot of dry brush and we made a grate camp fire then hung up quilts to shelter us off from the cold winds. It was very cold - we really suffered with cold. The afternoon was warmer but very muddy - the snow water running every where soaking up the alkalie mud. I never seen such sticky mud - several teams got stuck in the mud through the day. We crossed the Medicine Bow river and some of the men was behind hunting. When they come up to it they had to wade it. The water was deep cold and swift.

June 15th.

We drove until noon on quite level ground - it got some warmer by noon. We have seen antelope on all sides to-day. We traveled 24 miles to-day.

The road was more or less muddy. We are camped on a little stream near the Platt River. We could have drove on further but the ferryman said if we would wait till to-morrow he would put us across the Platt for a half dollar less on each team - thats worth waiting for. We are very tired anyway. We are driving awful hard every other day - one captain drives fast when it is his day and the other drives slow.

June 16th.

We got up early and begin to cross over the River - it took five hours to put us all across. We paid 2.50 for each team. The man said he had run the ferry eight years and that one of Moses teams was the largest horses he had ever put over the river. Fort Steel is rite on the west bank of the Platt river - here is lots of soldiers stationed to protect the country from the Indians. Our two teams got put across nearly the first so we had a good time watching the soldiers drill and train. When all was across (it only took one team at a time) we drove one mile out of town and camped the rest of the day. We had lots of visitors out from the Fort. Our big team seemed to be a grate wonder to them all. The young folks have been having a happy day - they are happy or seam to be for all have been gathered in groups making things ring with their singing. Well, let them be happy as they can for us old ~~XXXXX~~ ones have to bear their burdens. One man went back into Fort Steel and sold his team and wagon so he can go on the cars. He is afraid of the Indians but so are we all for that matter.

June 17th.

We drove on to Rollins and stoped to eat our dinner. Here we heard bad news of the Indians. We are rite in their country now. We drove hard all afternoon. There was a fearful wind storm came up - we had to turn the teams square around to save our wagons from tiping over. We are camped down between two high mountains. The water is very bad alkalie. We could only let the horses have a half pail apiece - its pison. They have tied up all the horses to keep them from drinking and kill themselves. There is scarcely any grass

anyway. Our teams are having it hard - with the hard driving and bad water and scarse feed they are failing.

June 18th.

We drove twenty eight miles without stoping for dinner - it is enough to kill all the teams and people too this way. We crossed the sumit of the Rocky mountains today - now we begin our downward course towards the Pacific slope. Camped at night by the grate Sulphur Springs. This little creek is called Mud Creek - the water is very bad. Oh dear what would I give for a good drink out of the old pump at home - this is awful.

June 19th.

We got up early to start on but there was several sick in camp. We are rite in the mountain feaver range - the doctor said there was seven people very sick. Henry is sick a little but not very bad. We staid in camp all day. Charley Colwells baby is very sick - the doctor says it will die. A lot of the folks went to the sulphur springs to get some of the water to drink - the doctor advised them to. At these springs there has been some kind of a battle fought in the years gone by. There is a wall of rocks built up and dich cut down to the water so to get the water without being seen. We dont know what has happened here at some by gone day. There is graves where the dead are buried. Oh I hope none of our company will have to be left on the road side. We see graves all along the road. This is my birthday. Twenty three years ago I was traveling from Illinoise to Iowa. Now it is from Iowa to Oregon or some other place. Then I has young and as happy as the happiest of young folks - not a care on my mind to bother me. My poor mother had all the care then on her shoulders the same as I have it now while my children are happy and care free. Mrs. Colwells baby is very sick.

June 20th.

All the sick are getting better now. I set all last night with Mrs.Colwell in her wagon to help her with the baby. We watched every minute for it to die all the fore part of the night but as the morning came on we could see a change for the better and by the time the camp begin to make a stir it was surely better so we had lots of hope for it and when the doctor came around

he said it was all rite and safe so we began to travel again.(P.S. Here in this camp is where we come in company with old Mr. Barrows, James McComber and Sam Elison. They come into camp the same evening we did only a few hours later. Little did we think then that we would be neighbors in after years).

June 22nd,

Now I did not write last night for the very reason that I could not - we drove on and on hoping to find water. After driving forty miles and untill eleven oclock at night we had to camp down without water or supper - very sad and sick. By daylight this morning June 22nd we began to get out on the road again in hope of finding water. At ten oclock we come to a little stream called Bitter Creek. It was very bad alkalie water - we tried to use some of it to make tea and bread but we could not eat our bread after it was made. We drank a little tea made very strong. We had some fresh elk meat that Mose had killed back in our Mud creek camp and we all fried some of that and eat with our tea. They give the horses a half pail apiece - a full pail would have killed them. We drove on after dinner and about two oclock we met a hurd of Oregon ponys on their way east for sale. The men told us where we could get water ahead by driving two miles off the road for it. We drove on the eight miles then off the two miles. We was all willing now to drive fast for once to reach the water. We got to it about five oclock. Them that got to it first come running back along the line of wagons with water for the rest as they come along up. No one knows how to enjoy a drink of water till they want it as we did. The weather is hot and the dust so blinding the poor teams suffered more than the people did. This spring is the nicest water I ever seen - the children played and paddled in the little stream that ran off from the spring. They are surely happy in it as tho they are afraid to leave it for fear the same old thing happening to them. .

June 23rd.

We drove back onto the road again and traveled 12 miles and stoped for dinner on a little stream of pretty good water. Afternoon we drove 15 miles and camped for the night all tired out and mad as hornets. We did not get into

camp till dark. There is some very mad people in camp tonight - we cant live this way long - we could hardly get our supper in the dark. I do pity the poor tired women that has a lot of small children. I will not complain for myself for I have it so much easier than lots of them. This afternoon we met a train of people on their way back from Oregon. They tell us such hard tales about that country it is enough to scare us out and turn us on the backward track but we have got too far to go back now and they tell us some fearful bad Indian news. It is bad - we are realy afraid to go on. We may have trouble yet with the Indians before we get through our journey. We are all tired and out of heart and nearly sick after the last few days of hard traveling in the heat and dust and bad water. All the afternoon we traveled down between two high mountains. We passed by a large cave under the mountain of rock - some one has lived in it for years and years by the signs of the place. There is hundreds of names writen in it on all side and up overhead. It looks like a den of robbers that we read about in novels (it is a robers den maybe) It looks like they might have lived in there 20 years - I would just like to know who did live in there. Henry rode Nelly rite in to it and wrote his name as high as he could sitting on her back. This little valley is so narrow and the mountains so high on each side that it makes it quite dark along the road. There is just bearly room for the road in the bottom of the valley. A little stream runs down it - we have crossed it 20 times I think. The road was very bad. At night we come out to where the valey is a little wider. We camped by a house here and a little patch of garden. It looks nice after so long traveling over rocks sand mud and snow and dust. The man here is a cattleman. He keeps his cattle in these mountains on the bunch grass. The spring of water here is nice. A little stone house is made around it and the little stream that runs off from it makes all the stalk water that is needed. Here we met a family coming back from Union County Oregon. They dont like any of Oregon - they give it a hard name.

They would discorage us if they could but we will go on now and see for our selves then we will know

June 24th.

We staid in camp all day resting. Some done out some washing and some done baking. I wrote letters nearly the whole day. There must have been nearly one hundred letters writen in camp today. The young folks had a dance in the house today. The two young men herders that live here was so pleased to see some young people here in the mountains. They just sat and looked on and smiled. I do believe they ~~through~~ thought our young girls was prettier (than cattle). They could not be perswaded to take a dance with them. This evening Mrs. Dorsey Crapper and me climed the highest mountain that was near us. We got up about three hundred feet high. It is just grand to get up so high and look back down on our camp wagons and teams look small from so high. It was quite level after we got up on top - there was lots of shelly rocks and grate cracks in the rocks. It was well worth our trouble of climbing to see the grand sight off down the valey.

June 25th.

We got up and started out again - the roads was very rough and full of diches and some spots of sand. I had no idea that sand was so hard to travel in - it tires the poor horses so to walk in it. It gives way under their feet and they get very tired when we pass over the sand patches. We drove very hard and late. A good many are swaring like sailors - so mad at the hard drive. Just about every other day we make a long killing drive. One captain is fast the other slow. It is killing on us in this dry hot dusty weather. We are all getting very tired. Mose and Frank don't get in to any of their squables - they just take it as it comes. Mose is sure that his two teams can stand it as long as any teams in the crowd. He can go fast or slow just as the train has a mind to go but he would rather go slow on account of the people getting so tired by hard late driving.

June 26th.

We drove all day till four oclock without stopping for dinner. This is not so hard on old folks but the little children suffers so for so long a drive

without stopping. The poor mothers too has it so hard to keep them still in the wagons. We are camped one mile out from Green River City. The men went in to town and bought provisions - a delivery wagon brought the stuff out. There is a fearful fuss in camp tonight. I am so tired of so much fussing and quarling all the time but as long as Mose and I keep out of it we can beare it. We have to anyway. We have not had a word in any of the quarels yet and we hope not to. Frank is a good boy too - he keeps out of it all he can for our sakes. There is not one partickle of grass on the ground now - we have to buy hay for the teams. We are rite on the bank of Green River. We will cross over in the morning.

June 27th.

We crossed the river this morning and drove out five miles and camped for dinner. The road is right along by such stacks of high rocks - they are pretty to look at. We make out to see the beauty of the seanry as we pass for all we are so tired. We drove ten miles this afternoon and found a fine camping ground by a good clean stream of water but we are all tired out and such a lot of mad ones tonight. I fear we will have a real rebelion in camp soon - the train is likely to brake up and devide at any time.

June 28th.

We traveled very hard today. It has been very warm - the road is very dusty and it raises up and setles all over us in the wagons so we are all covered with it so when we moove it will poore off our clothes. It is a funny sight to see each one all covered with dust. The women have nice gray mustash all the same as the men (made of dust) and all the hollow sunken cheeks are loaded with it. If things keep on this way we will all be hollow sunken cheeked so we will all carry an even shair. It is enough to sink the cheeks and hearts and spirits of all. The horses is having it very bad. We hope for some thing to better our troubles before it comes to a real brake up.

June 29th.

We drove hard and stoped for dinner down in a little valey. Found some wood and made a fire - it was real cold. Here some of the crowd droped behind.

They have rebeled at last. Now we are a small train - only three teams more than when we started from home and the other captain has the big crowd. We camped for tonight down in a little reviene - its very cold. We have found wood and have a camp fire. We had to carry water three quarters of a mile. After we were in camp the other part of the crowd came up and passed by us and went on two miles further on and camped.

June 30th.

When we got up this morning we was the coldest that we have been on the road. Ice was froze in our water pails half an inch thick. We was all real cold - realy suffering we were so cold. We started out and passed the other part of (us) before they was ready to start. We got to Eveston and across Bear River and stoped to eat our dinner then the other part of the crowd come up and passed by us - all as mad as fury. Its too bad that we have got such trouble in our journey. Its hard enough at best. We only drove about three miles and camped for the day. Both trains camped in one hundred yards of each other. They all are afraid of the Indians so they are afraid to get too far apart but too awful contrary to keep together.

July 1st.

We let the other crowd get started out of camp first but by nine oclock we passed them by again. Its too bad to hear them sware at each other. We made a hard drive - it was very windy. Doctor Crappers cariage blew over and broke the top all to pieces. This morning some of the young folks was out walking on the railroad and they didnt notice that our road was leaving the railroad. They walked on thinking the road would soon come back to the railroad. They walked on so did we travel on and when we stoped by for noon they had not come up yet. We came back to the railroad just at noon. We stoped but no young folks was in sight yet. Moses and Frank started back along the road and met them a mile or two back. They were nearly give out. The girls was just about gone. Moses took Ada and nearly carried her - she was nearly ready to faint down when he got to her. The boys was helping the girls along the best they could when he met them. Moses took one arm of Ada

and Frank the other and nearly carried her along. Her feet is nearly one wolld blister. We camped for night in the head of the grate Echo Canion - we have passed some very pretty scenery today but all are too tired to enjoy the signts as we pass them but it is grand and strange and we are all excitement about our seperation. It is a bad thing and will do neither party any good.

July 2nd.

We staid in camp all day to let the other crowd get one days travel ahead of us to save trouble. It is too bad to have to pass and re-pass them when all are so mad they cant pass without saying some disagreeable thing to each other. Some find out just as we are passing that their ~~xxxx~~ teams need swaring at. They want others to know that they can sware if need be and some sware when I cant see the need of it. Moses and Jake Solds went hunting - killed three deer. This is a wild rocky country - grand and awful looking. We are rite by the railroad station. There is only one family living here. We are in Utah teritory. Here we have seen the first of polygamy among the Mormans. A little way down in the valey we went to buy some milk and butter. He keeps a lot of cows and makes butter and chease to sell to the movers that pass. He lives in a grate long house - one room joined on to each other. Each wife and her children living seperate from each other. Each have a front door coming out into the same yard. It reminds me of our hog pens back home where we build a row of pens and put an old hog and her own pigs in each pen and realy the family did not seam to be much more than mere hogs. They dont seem to be bright or inteligent but of corse they have no chances here to know much. The man seamed to be all rite and had some education but the women and the children dont know nothing that they ought to know. They say each wife has her own room but all eat and work together. He had three wives here and two out on another ranch. Such a way of living is not human or sivilised either and had ought to be stoped entirly.

July 4th.

Now we let the crowd get two days ahead of us so this morning when we got up we talked it over about where we would go to spend the fourth (either to Denison or Dow City this time) but we come to the conclusion that either was too far away so we started on down Echo Canion. To look ahead down the canion it seemed that we wouldnt have room to go through. The mountains come rite down together at the bottom with a small stream of water running along the narrow bottom - the railroad and wagon road and little stream go winding down crossing and re-crossing each other at every turn. The wind blew a gale rite down the canion whirling dust and fine sand over us so we could not see the teams ahead of us at times. This days travel has been a wonderful day to see strange and odd things. Such piles of quear looking rocks. This road itself is a wonder - the railroad and wagon road and little stream. I wish I had counted how many times they crossed each other. We passed the mouth of the tonel where the railroad goes under the mountain. Some of the crowd walked through it. The mountains seem to be rite strait up on our right and left - some places the road is made rite through solid rocks. Just blasted of enough off the side of the mountain to make the road. The little bottom is so narrow there is bearly room for the roads. If it had not been so fearful hot and the dust flying so bad we would have had a grand days travel - the sights has been find and wonderful at times. We passed by what they call the Devle Slide. There is two rows of rocks. They seem to be about ten or twelve feet apart - rock set up edge ways and end ways in two strait rows up the mountain side making a grate ditch. At night we come out where the bottom is a little wider where there is some little patches of garden growing - the stuff looks rank and fine. There is a railroad station here and a few houses - and some stores. Every body seemed to be happy. They had been having a

fourth of July celebration. Just before we camped for the night we passed JohnRickman howing potatoes by the road side. He had stoped to earn some money to go on with. He started a month before we did. He came with his wife out to our camp and spent the evening. They was very glad to see some one from the old home. Here we see some more of Mormanism. I went to a house to get some milk. There was two sisters living in the house the wives of one man. They had eleven small children - none looked to be over nine or ten years old . They had just come in from the picnic. They were dressed well and seamed to be just as happy as could be (God forbid such a way of living). Mrs. Bowen went in where there was five wives and the whole houses full of small children. They seem to be doing well in nere. They are all dressed well and seam to be inteligent enough in this setlement.

July 5th.

We had a wonderful days travel all through. Every day things are getting more wonderful grand and nice. We are not so tired and worried as we have been. We forget the past weeks of hardships when we are looking on such strange and beautiful sights - we just enjoy it all as we pass. We are out in to Weber Canion tonight. Things are far more fine and wonderful looking than in Echo Canion which we got out of early this morning. Every one is amaized at the rock and mountains and the river and the road. This road is a grate piece of work to make it through sollid rock in places. One place the road was just wide enough to drive along with only two feet to spare - rite along the high mountain side three hundred feet above our heads. On our left hand is the Weber River down below about 50 feet the water rushing down over the rocks so swift that it is dashed into white foam. I never seen a stream run so fast as it does but I never seen a stream that went down hill so fast - it has a grate fall to every yard of it. We have just wound along the bank of it for ten miles nearly every yard of the road dangerous to drive over. We come out of the valey in to a high open prarie just a little down hill for five then down into a valey and come out to Ogden City and here

we come up with our other crowd and they had camped just outside the city. We are camped in town on a vacant lot. We stoped about four oclock. We had not stoped for dinner at all. I got six letters here. What a joy to get our mail along the trip. This is a fine town and the country around is a splendid farming country. The crops are fine. They raise everything by irigation. It dont rain here in summer. Such fine fruit orchards. I think I would like to live here if we had a farm. We hear bad Indian news. It seams dangerous to go on. Oh I wish we was back home again.

July 6th.

We got started about nine oclock. We had to buy feed and provisions. The other crowd got started first and passed us in camp but when we got up into the main part of town there we passed by them again. I do wish that them (or us) was off the road. Its so disheartning to see so much trouble and contrairyness (I say real meanness) its ashaim for men to act as they do. We traveled nearly strait north untill noon - passed some very fine farms. Stayed in a lane for dinner. This seems more like sivilisation again. We had new potatoes for dinner. The other crowd come up and passed by us while at dinner. We then started on and passed them at their dinners (this is terrible). This afternoon we have passed by some fine Morman homes. Some farms look like a small town- so many houses to keep their many wives in. We passed by an artifishal fish pond. It had been scraped out and filled with water from a small stream. It was a grand sight. The water was so clear we could see fish only an inch long in it. We passed over a little stream coming down from the foot of a grate mouuntain about 20 rods off to our rite hand. The stream was hot so our teams would hardly go over it - the spring at its head is boiling hot. We camped for the night in an open prairie in between two farms - not one speck of grass. We have to carry our water two miles. Its bad salty stuff when we do get it. We are going around the grate Salt Lake now - we can see it all the time off on our left hand. We can smell it too.

July 7th.

We started out early. Its Sunday too but we had no good camping place to lay over so we had to travel. We got in to Corim at nine oclock. Here we found a lot of folks come in from the country - all scared in by the Indians. We didnt know what to do - some were scared too bad to talk about. They realy was too scared to talk. Some thought we might get on to Kelton all safe and then stop if need to if it was not safe to go on but we drove on ten miles and stoped for dinner. We went strait west along the railroad and long side of Salt Lake. We stoped at the foot of a grate high mountain. We could not get a drop of water nowhere. There was plenty of grass but it was all shining with salt. The grass was just in one spot of a few acres - all the rest of the country was just one grate white plain of alkalie and salt. There was nice clean salt lieing on the ground - a nice clear little stream of water running by it but it was pure brine. We could not use it nor give it to the horses. We camped for night a half mile from a cattle ranch. We have passed by all the farming country now. The water is very bad but we can make out to use it. The grass is pretty good.

July 8th.

We have traveled hard all day. The whole day has been over grate white plains of alkalie and salt beds. I geathered up some pure clear salt nice enough to use. I want to send it home in a letter. One place we had four miles in one strait string of alkalie mud - the worst I ever saw. Team after team got stuck and had to be helped out. We drove till dark before we could find any water that we dare use. All are tired this night.

July 9th.

We drove in to Kelton by noon. Here we had another Indian scare - its enough to turn one gray headed to hear the storys they tell us. Some of our train wanted to stop - some wanted to go one road and some another road. Some want to sell out our teams and go on the cars but we heard that there was some other emigrants camped out a ways waiting for some other train to come up so they could travel with them. We bought provisions and drove on out to them in the afternoon. Just before we stoped we saw our other train

coming up but they stoped in camp behind us. It is a beautiful camping ground. There was eight teams of the movers and six teams of freighters in camp here.

July 10th.

We staid in camp all day. We all are very glad to rest and have good water which is fine - such a nice spring. Our other crowd come up about nine oclock and camped rite near by. All use water out of the same spring. Us women meet and visit as friendly as we used to do. We have never had any trouble with the women part of the crowd. We always speak and smile as they are passing for we all know its pure contrariness to act so.

July 11th.

We started on four of the freight tems joining us. We drove hard all day. Didnt stop to get any dinner and camped at night down in between two high mountains. We have good wood here to make a camp fire. They have put out extra gards tonight. I'm more afraid tonight than I ever have been - it realy looks scary - more so than any camp we have made. Its quite cool down in here tonight.

July 12th.

We traveled hard all day over bad roads. Very rough very hot and dusty. We stoped for dinner a few minutes - not over 20 minutes. Here the other crowd passed us again. This is getting to be perfectly rediculous foolish silly simple. No sense at all. In the afternoon we had to pass down through a deep narrow canion. The freight men said that this was the most dangerous part of the road for Indians. They were seen here last week watching this part of the road. Here we was scared in good earnest. The canion was so deep and narrow there was just room at the botom for the wagon road. On each side was steep brushy mountains. The men walked before and behind each wagon with their guns in their hands - the women driving the teams. Not a word was spoken or hardly breathing while we were passing through but we saw no Indians (very glad of it too). We come out on a level open prarie and camped by a little stream of good water but no grass at all. Our other crowd was here in camp before us. There is a kind of fort made here. Its made of sods

and sage brush. The wall is three foot thick and six foot high and one hundred feet square. We did not camp in it. Some of the men took the horses up to the foot of the mountains to herd them on the grass but the poor horses seemed to be scared to death and could not be made to stay there - tney came running back into camp frightened till they was just wild. They staid around the camp and done without food. They must have seen or smeled Indians up there.

July 13th.

We started on at eleven oclook - the four teams stoping behind again so we went on with our own small train. We are such a small crowd now that we are realy afraid to go on alone. We drove 18 miles and camped for the night by a fine spring of water but no grass. There was a few teams camped here when we come up. This is a wild looking country all along.

July 14th.

We got up early this morning before the sun rose. Just a little way off from our camp we saw 21 teams in camp - they had come up in the night and camped. Henry went over by the camp and come running back teling us that Mr. Adams folks was in that train. Sure enough Mr. Adams that had started a week before us from home was there in a crowd behind us. We started early - some of that train joining us. Now we are a larger train we are not so afraid. I got in to Mr. Adams wagon and rode all day visiting. This day was the worst dust of the whole trip so far. Everybody was covered with dust. I never seen the like of it. We drove hard all day without dinner - this is no good way to get fat or even take comfort. We camped on Rock Creek. There is 30 teams in camp tonight - they was here when we came up.

July 15th.

We got started by daylight all in a hurry to get across the River. Our mad train was ahead of us here. They was just swaring mad. A new trouble had come up they declaring that they would beat us across Snake River or kill all their horses. So they did beat us across but I fail to see anything smart in it anyway. We crossed at noon and just stoped a few minutes for

for dinner and drove on to the Malad River and camped for night. Here we come up with our mad crowd again. All camped near together. We are traveling through dangerous ground. We have seen all day the houses with the windows taken out and walled in with stone for safty against the Indians. At noon while we was crossing the river two teams come up loaded with goods that had out togeather up where the Indians had killed the freighters and scattered the goods.

July 16th.

We got up early. Was afraid to go on and afraid to stay where we was but we made a hard drive and at noon got to a stage station. The stations have little stone forts made to go in in case of need. We got on to another station at night and camped. After we had camped our other crowd come up and camped near by us. They had a little boy dead in their train. He had died about three oclock. Poor little fellow he had been sick all the way. I went to see him this morning before we left camp. I didnt think he would die today but its best for him. Oh dear if we was only off this fearful trip. Here at this station the Indians took the stage horses all away from the man only three weeks ago and distroyed all his garden stuff and took all his provisions away from him. He hid himself while they done it. There is no women at any of these stations nor at the few farms we pass by.

July 17th.

We got up very early before sun rise. Mrs. Sold Mary Bowen and I set up last night with the dead boy but no one can begin to tell the awfull dreariness of setting up with a corps in a tent in a wild country. It is so sad and lonesome to set and hear the silent gards keep up their steady tramp around the camp. It is more than I would like to do again if I could help it. The men made a grave and just after the sun come up they buried him and then started on. God help the mother that had to go on and leave him there alone in that wild spot by the road side. We have traveled very hard over rough stony roads. We passed by one stage station and camped at night by a little ranch - here is just one lone man staying. He has a little

stone fort made for safety.

July 18th.

We have had a fearful bad day of dust. Sometimes we couldnt see our horses heads for dust. Its about six inches deep. We didnt stop for dinner. Camped for night by a small ranch. One man stays here alone. Here is another little stone fort. Here we hear more bad Indian news. Its enough to make one crazy with fear.

July 19th.

We started early. Our other crowd was ahead of us. They said they would beat us to Boyce City or bust but we passed by them while they was yet in camp. They just hollowed goodby as we passed. Said now they would give it up. We drove hard and got into Boyce City. We drove through to the north side of town and camped. The others come up and camped on the south side. We staid in camp the rest of the day. We hear more bad news of the Indians and we are afraid to go on. There is lots of soldiers here.

July 20th.

We drove three miles out of town where we could get water and feed for the teams. Here we found a lot of teams camped waiting for better times to go on. This is a nice place - water fine and the grass is good.

July 21st.

We staid in camp all day. Its very hot here. We cut brush and made a shade over our tent and in front of it. It made us more cool and comfortable. This is such a nice resting place - we are taking comfort sure. I wrote several letters home. Some done out washing.

July 22nd.

We are still in camp. Some of the men went in to Boyce to hear the news. It is no more favorable now then when we stoped. We are enjoying this place. We are getting rested. There was more teams come in to camp to-day.

July 23rd.

Still in camp. We cant go on yet - the news is no better. Some of our crowd has got tired of doing nothing so they have gone to quarling (making good the old saying that Satan can find something for idle hands to do). Our own little home camp are very happy and resting more every day.

July 24th.

Still in camp. Some men went back to the city today again to hear what news there is. There is nothing new so they have made up their minds to go on. So all have something to do to pick up things and get ready to move again.

Jul, 25th.

We got up early. The whole camp was called into council to see who was willing to go on and who ware not or would rather stay in camp yet awhile. The larger number was in favor of going on - then they elected another captain for the train - an old frontiersman who had been over the road before. (P.S. this was old Mr. Barrows) so we got started on again to the relief of many. We started out with 35 teams. We drove hard all day and camped at night at the little town of Midleton. Here some more teams come up and joined us. This valey is a good farming country. The crops are nice.

July 26th.

We drove 15 miles and stoped for dinner. Afternoon we drove 8 miles and camped at a stage station - here some more teams come up. Now we are 44 teams. Quite a good army if it was not for the women and children. All things go on smothly under the rule of our new captain

July 27th.

We traveled hard. Started early. The road was over a dry dusty sage brush plain. We crossed the Payett River and soon camped for our lunch. The river was deep but we foarded it - the water run in to our wagons. We had left a man behind in the morning hunting for his horse. He did not come up by dinner time so we waited for him until it was too lat to go any further. When the stage driver come up he told such frightful Indian stories that we are nearly scared to death. They have run the wagons in to a stronger correll than comon and put out an extra number of gards to watch. Moses and Frank are both out tonight for the first watch. Every tent is stretched inside the correll of wagons but ours and Mr. Sloops. The horses are always tied on the inside. I am more afraid of the horses if anything should scare them to make them brake loose. Our tent is rite by the wheels of our wagon so we can run in to the correll if need be.

July 28th.

We have been afraid all day. We drove hard without stoping for dinner. We camped for night by a stage station. There is lots of soldiers here to keep the Indians from crossing over the Snake River. The scouts come in this evening and say that they had seen the Indians over on the other side of the River. We took our glass and could see the streak of dust from them where they were going south about 15 miles off but the River is between them and us and the soldiers are here but all are excited and afraid. A lot of the men have took the horses all out to the foot of the mountains to keep them there all night. They will hurd them out there away from camp.

July 29th.

We got up and found all alive and well for all the grate scare last night. We drove out a little way and come to another squad of soldiers watching a crossing on the Snake River to keep the Indians from crossing. We drove very hard and come to the fery across the Snake River about ten oclock. Begin crossing and by two oclock all was over. Then we was in Oregon the wonderful land (Oregon) that we had been traveling and toiling over long weary miles of ~~mud~~ sand dust mud stony roads rain hail and winds heat and cold to reach. Just as we got over there was an eclips over the sun that cast a shade over all for a few minuts. There had been so much talk of Oregon Oregon all the while that when the men began to yel out Oregon little Mike Riddle stuck his head out the side of the wagon cover and said (Ma where is Oregon - I cant see it). We camped between two high mountains - a beautiful place - the water is so nice. The grass is good and our poor teams need it.

July 30th.

We have traveled hard all day. Our road has been a little down hill all day. Very high mountains on the right and left. The canion is deep and narrow at the botom. We eat our dinners in the hottest place I ever seen - the mountains so high and rocky - the sun beating down - not a breath of wind.

We camped at night at a stage station in 25 miles of the whole Indian army. This is getting a little worse than I like - its fearful scarry. I am getting very tired byt I have it so much better than many others in camp I ought not to complain.

July 31st.

We have drove hard all today. Didnt stop to eat any dinner - we was awfully afraid all day and to make it worse Mr. Adams team begin to give out. Moses took nearly all his load into our wagon to lighten his load and took all his family to ride with us so if posible he might keep up with the train. We camped at night by the Virtue mines seven miles from Baker City rite in the open prairie - a very rough hilly country.

August 1st.

We got up early - got breakfast then called all togeather in council to see who of them wanted to go by Baker City and who wanted to go on strait to Uniontown. All decided to go on to Union all but six teams - our two teams Mike's two Mr. Adams and Jake Sold. So here was the final seperation of our fellow travelers so the train will be broken up at differant camps now for they will be stoping off to see for each ones self which place they like best. Each will choose his best place and stop. I see very plainly that what will suit one will not be the best place for another. All cant see alike but they are in Oregon and they will begin to stop and look about for something. We drove on to Baker City. Got there at ten oclock. We stoped outside of town for fear of the diptheria which was raging. Mike went up in to town to see if John Tillett might be in town. He found him in Baker so we drove out to his place 3½ miles west of Baker City. We got out and camped by noon. Here is the end of our journey for the present and I am very glad of a little rest after three months of hard travel.

August 5th.

Now we have been spending our time far differently for the last few days from what we have been doing for the last three months. The first thing was a dance at Tillett - then visiting - resting - looking around over the country. Mrs. Tillett and I took a long ride over the country day before

yesterday to see what we could see. We rode our poneys and went miles and miles out through the farms. It is so strange to me to see nothing but wheat growing. No gardens - nothing but wheat for as far as one can see. Mrs. Tillett tells me that there is but two or three gardens in the whole valey. It never rains here in summer - they have to irigate everything. The soil is just a bed of alkalie dust where it is not irigated. When I looked over the country and got back to camp I never did in all my life feel so bad and homesick. We are all badly disapointed in the country. Our men folks have got so interested in the gold mines that they are spending their time more pleasantly than us women. Time begins to drag along with us. We are camped in Tilletts yard. We are in the house or in our tents just as we like but it is not good to be idle. Some begin to get cross again. They had another dance last night at Tilletts. We have been in camp now five days. I am getting very tired of the heat and dust. The wind blows hard every day.

August 6th.

A man come into our camp last evening and wanted some one to go out on his farm and do a little work so Mose hitched up and drove out to his place and camped in a narrow lane near by his house. Now this morning another man come along and wanted work done too. He offered better wages and a better job of work. We hitched up our teams and drove to his place 12 miles and camped near by his place rite in the sage brush and dust. Next morning we drove back through his field down to the Powder River and camped on the bank under some willows. This is the nicest camping ground we have seen on our whole trip. Now all went to work - Moses and Frank Jim Macomber and Henry leaving Ada and me alone from early morning till late at night. We had music at night all around us with cyottes - so time wore on till the last of Sep. when we moved back to Tilletts place again but our Willow camp had been a very pleasant one while we were staying in it. We had lots of company while we staid there. One Sunday some movers traveling from Kansas come to our camp. They knew my Uncle Richard West in Kansas. Was rite from there. They

told us many things about Uncle. We camped at Tilletts again while our men went out thrashing for while. We had made up our minds to go west of the Cascades to winter but we had to rest our teams for a little while for they had been working very hard since we stoped. Then when we were about ready to go on again one of our mules got sick so that put a stop to that part of our araingements for the time. We then moved up in the mountains and in the house with an old gold miner. Here we was setled for the winter. Moses and Frank went on with the thrashers till the middle of October then come home and setled down for the winter. Jim Macomber went to herding sheep for a man out in the mountains. The men choped and haled some cord wood into Baker City through the winter but the greater part of the time they done nothing. Frank Burns went in to Baker and worked some. So time wore on till spring. May came then Moses had made up his mind to go into the gold mines for the summer and send me and the children out into Washington teritory to my father so on the eight of May just even one year from the time we left our old home in Iowa we started to travel again in the same old stile with team and wagon. Mr. Furgison took us in his freight wagons as he was going to Umatila after a load of freight for the store keeper in Baker City. We were very sorry to not have Mose go rite on with us then. We started out and got down to the lower end of Powder River valey. We camped at night at the foot of a low range of hills that seperates the Powder River valey from the Grandround valey. We made a fire and made our coffee in real emigrant stile again. Here another freight team joined us in camp.

May 9th.

We got up very early and started on. Mr. Furgison was in a hurry to get on his way. We traveled about three miles up a gradual slope of small mountain then down along a deep canion into the Grand Round valey. Here we see more signs of spring than in Powder River valey. Peach trees are in bloom. We got into Union Town about eleven oclock. We met Dr. Crapper in the street. He would have us go to dinner with him. Our time was very short to talk over

our old times of last summer very much but we put in good time what time we had togeather. They are settled here for the present. The road was very mudy all afternoon down the valey. We camped at night by a grate large farm. A very large farm too for he owns a large tract of good farming land all in one body. It is raining.

May 10th.

It rained all night hard but we kept warm and dry in our big wagon - its nearly as good as a house. It is high enough for us to stand strait under the cover. After we get in for the night Mr. Furgison comes and puts in the hind end gate and then we are shut in as safe as a house. We use the back end of the wagon to get in and out of. Ada nor I got out of the wagon for breakfast - it was too wet. Henry made some coffee - we eat in the wagon. It cleared off bright and warm by nine oclock. We soon drove out where it had not rained a drop last night. We passed LeGrand and Oridell. Both are nice little towns. At Oridell we began to go into the Blue Mountains. The road is very rough. It runs rite along the Grand Round River. We went up along the river till noon - stoped for noon by the old bridge. All afternoon our road was very rough and rocky. We come out at night onto a high open spot - nearly a prairie - just a few scatering trees. We camped and made a grate fire - its cool.

May 11th.

We got up very early - it was very cool and a hard frost. The sun come up bright and things looked beautiful through the mountains. We got to the sumit of the mountain about eleven. We past lots of snow. We got down to the toll gate and stoped to eat our dinner. About two oclock we met John Laddy and Bob Boyd stuck in the mud with their heavy freight teams. They was too heavy loaded for the muddy road. Mr. Furgison hiched on his team and pulled them out and up the hill. It was raining now and made the road worse. We camped for night in the heavy woods. Made a grate fire again.

May 12th.

It was raining when we got up but soon stoped. We got our breakfast and started on rite down through the mud - the mud is so bad where it is

thawed out. It began to rain soon then about one oclock and we stoped and camped. Here is three dead horses laying around where the Indians killed them last summer to stop the teams. They killed three men too and wonded one more - by some means one man was left here on the ground - they did not take him away. Now there is a pole pen built over the bones. Ada and I found some of the bones outside of the pen. We put them back in the pen. It stoped raining but we staid in camp - its Sunday. Henry Ada and me took our spy glass and went up on a high hill to look over the country. Its a grand sight. We could see for miles off over a level valey to the town of Walla Walla. This is the most beautiful country I ever seen in my life. In the afternoon Frank Curens and Mr. Lance come up and passed by with heavy loaded freight wagons. They drove on three miles and camped. Frank come back to stay all night with us. We are meeting heavy loaded freight teams now all the time - much too heavy loaded for the mudy roads. It is worse on the western slope of the mountains. The snow is melting and running all over.

May 13th.

We got up early and Frank went back to his team. We soon began to go down hill very fast. They call it the long hill. It is rightly named for it is four miles down down down. Mr. Furgison locked all the wheels on both wagons while we went down. We passed the Cyuse station - this station the Indians burned all up last year. They have just got up a stage barn and a house for the man to camp in. We stoped for lunch by an Indian tent - a grate large tent big enough for 20 or 30 Indians to live in. Ada and me went into the tent awhile. Ada thinks she dont like Indians or their stile of living either. We got in to Pendleton at evening. We went into the post office to mail some cards. At the office we heard of some of our old Iowa neighbors. They are living about three miles out of town. This is a lovely looking country but the Indians owns it all about here. This is their reservation (the Umatillas).

May 14th.

It rained hard all last night and the wind blew a gale but the sun come

up bright and warm this morning. Mr. Furgison got up early to get an early start but when he went to get his horses off the grass he found some of them had started back towards home. He had a hard job to overtake them and get them back - it made us very late in starting. It soon begin to rain and poored it down all day. We went 18 miles without stoping for dinner. We stoped about four oclock at an old watering place. We got dinner and supper all in one. Ada and I did not get out the wagon. The wind was blowing a fearful gale - no woman could stand up in it anyway. This watering place is some wells dug on a high level plain. One man lives here alone and sells water to the freight teams and everybody that pass by. I do think it a lonely way to live but he makes a lot of money.

May 15th.

We started early but I never seen such a windy day in my life that is to take the whole day through. We stoped to eat our dinner along side the Umatilla River. We tried to be out awhile to rest but were glad to get back into the wagon out of the wind and flying sand. The sand kept up a perfect whirl - enough to blind one. We got to the Umatilla landing about four oclock in the evening. Such a sand bed as it is all about Umatilla. I see sand drifted up on the poarches of some houses two foot deep. Now here we are at the end of our journey in the old freight wagon but we have been very comfortable in it. Mr. Furgison has took the best of care of us all the way. We all went to supper at the hotel then went on board the steamer Harvest Queen to be ready to start down the river early in the morning. Mr. Furgison helped us get all our goods on board the steamer then late in the evening he come on board to say goodby. Now our traveling will be in a different stile hereafter.

May 16th.

We started down the river at three oclock in the morning. The children got up to see the boat start - its their first sight of a steamboat. We was on the boat about five hours then landed at Chelilo then got on the cars. It took three hours to unload the boat and put the things on the cars again. Then we started on down. It took till four oclock to get to the Dalls.

We went rite aboard the boat and got our rooms for the night. This was a fine big steamer - the Wildwest. We got in to Portland and went to a hotel and staid all the next day and early next morning we got on a small steamer and went up the Lewis River to LaCenter in Washington teritory. We got off the steamer and I rustled about till I found a man that said he would hall us out to fathers for three dollars (seven miles). He took us about four miles out of the way and left us at a house for the night. He said he would not go any farther over the mudy roads. Where he left us was a friend of fathers so we had a pleasant evening. Next morning when we got up it was raining hard but Ada and I started and walked out to fathers - three miles. I never seen such mudy roads in all my life. We waded in mud and water clear over the tops of our shoes in many places but we found father and mother very glad to see us after so long a time so we began to feel a little like we was at home here. About the first of June Ada took sick. She laid for five weeks under the doctors care. She laid so very low part of the time that I begin to think her days was numbered - that she would never get well but she got better and sloly come back to life and begin to move about the house a little by me or Henry leading her and holding her up. Then all of a sudent one morning Henry was not able to get up - then he laid for three weeks rite in bed not able to raise his head but he never got so low as Ada did at any time. The whole surounding country was sick at once. The same doctor tended to 34 sick ones all the time - he went day and night. They all had diphthria. Now I never knew that I could bear so much hardships as I had to go through (but as the old saying is where there is a will there is a way). I got through it some way. I had a little help to tend on Ada for there was not so many sick at first but I tended Henry day and night alone the three weeks. The doctor come every day. I was among strangers and so many sick they all had lots to do to help tend to their friends that they knew. No one knew me so I had to brave it ~~thk~~ through the best I could so we got along and Ada was quite well and strong again

and Henry was getting stronger fast when got a letter teling us that Moses was coming home from the gold mines. Me and the children went to meet him at LaCenter. Henry was not able to do it but just would go too so we just let him walk as slow as he could and rest along. He knew that he could ride back on our poney that Mose was fetching down with him (now this walk was seven miles) making fourteen miles of a walk. When Moses got rested a little he began to look around for us a home. He looked the country over for miles around. He done many miles of hard walking about trying to find something to suit him on either side of the Lewis River so in the later part of August me and him got on the steamer went down the Columbia River into Clatsop County Oregon. He looked about that country awhile but did not like it very well but took a claim on a piece anyway. Then we went back to Portland - then on up to Wancouver in Wash. then back to Clark Co. again. He then went looking over Clark County again. He looked nearly all over the whole country trying to find something he would like. He hunted about a month to get suited and could not like any of it so about the last of Sept. he went back down the Columbia to look at that place again. He looked over that place again and concluded to take it. He then came back and began to get ready to go on the claim in Clatsop Co. and try to make a home of it. On the 18th of October he went back (taking Henry with him) to build a house ready for us. Ada and I stayed where we was. We had a room fixed up in fathers wood shed. We had a fire place to set by of nights so we would set of an evening wishing that they would soon send for us. Henry had never been away from me before. On Dec. 13th Ada and me started down to them. We had a terable rainy mudy day to get to LaCenter. I got a man to move us down to the steamer to go down the Lewis River and out across the Columbia to St.Hellins to catch the down river steamer. We had to wait then for the next steamer. The steamer Westport come along in the afternoon. We got on it and went down as far as Westport and staid all night on the steamer. Early next morning we went on to Knappa. Got

there about nine oclock in the morning. Staid in the hotel till afternoon when Moses come out after us. We went out about a mile to Mrs.Vandusens. We rode out on a sled - the mud was nearly over the sled in some places. Next day was Sunday. We staid with Mrs. Vandusen went to church and went to visit Hattie Bagly awhile. Monday Andrew Vandusen took us out (into the wilderness as every one calls it) - the mud was fearful deep. It was so hard for the team that Ada and I got out the wagon and walked on out to Mr. Solds place. We got all wed and mudy - we waded over the tops of our shoes. We staid all night with Mr. Solds folks. The next day Dec. 18th we moved into the house with Mr. Barrows. After we got moved in there never was such a crowded little house seen before. On the 22nd we went back out to Mrs. Vandusens to a little party then come back into the woods to pass the winter as best we could in our sircomstances but we spent the winter quite pleasantly. The men was busy making the road out to our claim two miles away. In March we began to clear a little place on Mr. Barrows place to make some garden and plant some potatoes. By the last of April we got our little patch ready to plant. The first of May we began to move out onto our place(our home we called it). We had a hard time to move out. We had to pack nearly everything out as the road was only a mudy trail. We did make out to haul our stove out on a hand sled with Nelly. The road was so rough that the sled broke all up so we carried every thing else out on our backs. We only got out what we had to have to get along with for the time. Now we had got up to the 6th of May and when we took our last load out and got ready to stay on the place for good (or bad) it was just even two years since we left our old ~~xxxx~~ home in Iowa untill we got into the new one. Now we begin a new life - like nothing we had ever seen before. It was only just kind of camping yet as we had such a few things to do with and that was very few for we three did not need much. Ada staid out with Hattie all spring so we was out in the woods - a wilderness it was indeed. The men put in all their time

slashing and choping down trees. Never did men work harder. On the Fourth of July Ada came out into the woods for the first time. She had never seen her new home before. It was her birthday. She was fifteen years old when she began her new life in the wilderness. About the middle of August we had to move off out of our slashing so it could be burned over. We moved back about a mile into Andrew Vandusens little house - such a little mite of a thing it was. Not room for anything. Just could be called a house - thats all - but we made out to live in it until we burned our slashing and made us another house for ours burned with the slashing. We now every one of us went to work in real earnest to fix a place to make another house. We come out every day early and late digging and burning stuff. We had a little shed to make to go under when it rained too hard on us. We worked in a good lot of rain. We were all working for a home. About the middle of October we got our house up good enough to go in to so we would not have to walk so far. Ada and I worked every day with them - rain or shine it made no difference - but we had very little shine all the time we worked. We could just camp in our house but it was not near finished but we could now get in more time. We now named our new home Forest Home and a forest home indeed it is. Now whoever reads these pages in future years will see just what it is to pull up from a good home and move around and hunt up and make a new one. They will see that it takes up a lot of time and a lot of hard work besides and a lot of trouble and vexation to bear. But now that we are settled in our new home it would take a good deal to get me to start out and do it all over again. When we first came out here we thought that we would be left out for neighbors but we had not got barely settled in our new home until Moses had to go and help a new comer make a home near by us. So by Christmas they got the house done and moved into. I think Mr. Hills moved in on Christmas day. There was snow all over everything - that I remember very plainly. Our next nearest neighbor was Mr. Fisher a mile

and a half away and no road there only the poorest kind of a trail. Now this is the end of over two years wandering about trying to get into the best place but if this is the best I do pity the worst.

Mrs. Riddle passed away April 20, 1929.